

The WEAVER'S GARLAND:
OR A
NEW SCHOOL
OF
CHRISTIAN PATIENCE,
In Twenty Seven
DIVINE and MORAL LESSONS,
Between A
DESPAIRING HUSBAND,
AND A
CHEARFUL WIFE.



Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

The WEAVER'S GARLAND.

SWEET dear and virtuous Wife,
 My Senses are in Strife
 About this careful Life,
 Far we decline:
 Times being grievous hard,
 All trading spoil'd and marr'd;
 I have a dear Regard
 For thee and thine.



I thank you for your Care,
 Yet Husband don't despair,
 Let us with Patience bear
 Our Sorrows here;
 Dear Love, 'tis but in vain
 To sigh, weep, and complain:
 Love we may thrive again;
 Be of good Cheer.

My dearest Love, said he,
 How can I chearful be,
 While pinching Poverty
 Knocks at the Door;
 And will not hence depart,
 But wounds me to the Heart:
 I never felt such Smart,
 Sweet wife before.

Dear Husband do not make
Such Moan for Heaven's Sake,
Of me this Counsel take,

Your bosom Friend:
Thro' Pati-nce put your Trust
In him that made you first,
When Times are at the worst,
Sure they will mend.

Dear Love it may be so.
But while the Grass doth grow,
The Horse may starve you know,
Then 'tis too late:

So my dear Family,
They want a quick Supply,
Thro' long Delay may die,
Oh! cruel Fate.

Dear Husband don't despair,
Avoid distracted Care,
I will the Burthen bear,
Along with you:

Our Sons and Daughters they
Shall work, and if we may
Get Bread from Day to Day,
Love, that will do.

At a poor sorry Rate,
Dear Wife, thou knowest of late,
My Losses have been great,
By wicked Men:

Pine not for worldly pelf,
Bless God, we have our Health,
That which is more than Wealth,
Be thankful then.

Job lost Abundance more,
Besides his Body sore;
Yet he with Patience bore,
While Tidings came,
How all in Ruins lay,
He patiently did lay,
God gives: and takes away,
Bless'd be his Name.

Job did not fume nor fret,
When with those Things he met,
Dear loving Husband, let
Us imitate
His Patience, when in Pain,
Job found it not in vain,
God rais'd him up again,
And made him great.

Love I have often read,
How *Job* was comforted,
Yet I am full of Dread
And Fear so why?
Our Family is large,
Six Children are some Charge,
We fall within the Verge
Of Poverty.

Dear Husband don't repine,
Nor grudge this Charge of thine,
Bless'd be the Powers Divine,
Sweet Babes they are:
When we shall aged grow
With Looks like Winter's Snow,
They may for ought we know:
Lessen our Care.

It is a great Offence,
 To distrust Providence,
 Whose blessed Influence,
 Takes special Care,
 Of all the Sons of Men,
 Husband be chearful then,
 God will be gracious when
 Thankful we are.

My Fingers do not itch.
 To be exceeding rich,
 May we go through Stitch;
 Keep from the Door;
 The greedy Wolt of Prey;
 And all our Dealers pay
 Believe me what I say,
 We need no more.

I and my Children dear,
 Will work then never fear,
 But we shall something clear,
 Tommy shall weave;
 The Girls shall all begin,
 Forthwith to card and spin,
 Which will bring something in,
 Then never grieve.

These Hands that never wrought,
 Shall be to labour brought,
 That which I little thought,
 Would be rill now;
 But in Regard I see,
 It is my Destiny,
 I'll draw along with thee,
 God speed the Plow.

I, value

I value not to dine,
 On sumptuous Dishes fine,
 With rich and rasy Wine,
 From Foreign Parts;
 Gods wholesome Bread and Beer,
 Instead of better Chear,
 Let us receive, my Dear
 With thankful Hearts,

In all Conditions still,
 Let us not take it ill,
 Since 'tis God's blessed Will,
 It should be so;
 Whether we rise or fall,
 Our substance great or small,
 Content is all in all,
 My Dear, you know.

O most indulgent Mate
 After this long Debate,
 My Comforts they are great,
 In a kind Wife:
 Though some they think it strange,
 My Fancy seems to range,
 But now a happy change,
 Doth bleis, my Life.

For to my Joy I find,
 A sweet composed Mind,
 I wish that all Mankind
 Was full as well:
 Despair's a dreadful Thing,
 Which does poor Mortals bring
 Unto the bitter Sting,
 Of Death and Hell.

Sweet Wife and Heart's Delight,
 I had been ruin'd quite,
 In Deaths eternal Night,
 Hadst thou not been
 The happy Instrument,
 That Ruin to prevent,
 Love, Joy, and sweet Consent,
 I now am in.

Though slender is my Store,
 Yet I'll despair no more;
 That Man is truly poor,
 Who wants Content:
 But where Content increase,
 'Tis a continual Feast,
 Thank God I've got Release,
 Death to prevent.

As God shall give me Grace,
 This Council I'll embrace,
 Despair shall not take Place
 In me henceforth;
 Farewel litigious Strife,
 And come my careful Wife,
 Thy Words have sav'd my Life,
 God blest us both.

And all Mankind likewise,
 From these Calamities,
 Which do like Fogs arise,
 From black Despair:
 Let doubting Christians fly,
 In their Extremity,
 To God that sits on high,
 By fervent Prayer:

He is Man's Friend in chief,
The Fountain of Relief,
When I was rack'd with Grief,

And at the worst:

My dear, indulgent Bride,
Her counsel was my Guide,
In God I'm satisfyed,
In whom I trust.

My children, Wife, and I,
We will ourselves apply,
To true Industry,

And leave the Rest

To Providence Divine,
Henceforth I'll not repine,

I hope that me and mine,
Shall still be bless'd.

Thus by the good Wife's Care,
The Husband in Despair,
Was brought at length to bear,

His Sorrow rise.

The bitter Cup of Grief,
Her words did yield Relief,
She was his friend in Grief,
And faithful Wife.

Good Men and women pray,
That hear me now this day,
Labour without Delay,

To live in Love: 10 JU 52

Affist each other still,
Be fortune good or ill,
For you'll have Blessings still,
Come from above.

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